

The Things I Ponder

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****Authors Note:** So this is my first ever story, and I do not have a beta either. This is my first ever attempt at a story, so I hope that is enjoyable, and to your liking. I would much appreciate some constructive criticism or correction of errors please. ******

Have you ever thought about what it would be like to die? When I imagine what it would be like, I think it would be like sleeping. Things just go black, or maybe your eyes just close and you open them as another human being. Maybe you close your eyes and see blackness, and then you open them and see heaven or where ever you may be.

I used to think about it all the time, but not anymore. Now it'll just come to me out of the blue every once and a while.

As I lay here thinking about it, I can't help but realize that death doesn't scare me it just fascinates me and piques my curiosity.

I wonder what it feels like to die or be dead. Do you even see anything? Can you watch over people? Or do you have to be an angel to watch over people? Life and Death are similar, because you could imagine almost anything about it.

Would you wake up as a person in another time? The future? The past? The same time?

No one truly knows, that's why it is open to interpretation and

imagination.

Do you see family? Those you know and those you don't?

Do go to heaven or hell like the Bible tells us, or do we go to the underworld like in Greek or Egyptian mythology?

These are just things that I like to ponder sometimes.

A hand waves in my face. I look over to find my boyfriend looking exasperated.

"What?" I ask.

He pouts. "You spaced out again."

I laugh. "Sorry." I say as I grin at his pouting.

He sighs and a smile comes to his face. I can't help but compare him to an angel.

"What were you thinking about Harry?"

"Oh nothing bad Draco," I say "just pondering death again."

This time it's him that laughs.

"I knew it was something deep," he says, "now, how about we get some sleep?"

"Alright."

We arrange ourselves on the bed to where he's on my chest, his head just under my chin. Right before I fall asleep I think to myself: even if we both died we would always find each other because we're soul mates.

I fall asleep with a smile, feeling happier and lighter than I have since the first time I ended up being able to hold the one I love.

~Al Fine~

End
file.